

# HIS OTHER SELF

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL.

By SARAH GRAND.

## CHAPTER XIII. 11.

Continued.

And, meanwhile, the morning mists had cleared away. The sun came out and dried the roadways. The dust began to blow about. Tourists and summer visitors staying in St. Malo began to appear and pass—the ladies in fresh toilets, the men with sun umbrellas, light clothing, and blue glasses to keep off the glare.

Gertrude had not thought of her luggage since she left her own steamer, but seeing a trunk carried past that somewhat resembled her own reminded her of the necessity of getting it passed through the douane, ready to carry off with her at a moment's notice. But how should she manage it? She could not leave her post, and if she sent a messenger he would not know her things; besides, whom could she trust? The douane was close by. She might perhaps get some one to watch for her, with orders to come and fetch her if her husband or his messenger should arrive. It would take a little time to collect his things—he seemed to have more than the bag now—and get them off the ship; but would not come and go in a moment. But no; it would be a risk, and if she had to travel over Europe till the dress she stood in dropped off, she would not run it.

While she was standing on the edge of the quay, cogitating, she gradually became aware of a new discomfort. For some time past she had noticed without much heeding, an elderly Frenchman, evidently a gentleman, loitering near her. She had not wasted a thought upon him, but now, turning round suddenly, she was quite startled to find him standing close beside her, eyeing her with that bold, admiring glance which is either ridiculous or revolting to a woman, according to her mood at the moment; and it then occurred to her that she herself was the object of his attentions. For a moment she was afraid he was going to speak to her, and involuntarily she looked round for a protector. The officer to whom she had addressed herself was standing just above her, leaning over the bulwarks, evidently watching the little scene below. Gertrude's wits were sharpened by the emergency. The young man had a pleasant face, and there was something in it at the moment which seemed to indicate all an Englishman's objection to allow a countrywoman to be insulted, especially by a foreigner.

"Do come to me!" Gertrude exclaimed, and the next instant he had vaulted over the bulwarks and was standing beside her on the quay.

The Frenchman, probably feeling himself no match for the brawny young Briton, withdrew scowling.

"I was afraid he was going to speak to me," Gertrude said.

"Well, yes, I guess he was," the young man answered complacently, well pleased with his own prowess, and not inclined to cheapen it by denying the necessity.

"It is dreadful waiting here," poor Gertrude complained, with a sort of dry sob.

"Then why do you wait?" he answered, with the familiar gaucherie of his class.

"I am waiting for my husband."

"Yes, but why not wait at a hotel, and leave word where you've gone to? This is no place for a girl—let alone a lady," he added.

"My husband might not come to me," she answered, despondingly.

"Have you quarreled?" he asked, without delicacy.

"No," she replied, then looked at him. His manners were unpolished, and he was rather common, not at all a gentleman, in fact, but he had a good, honest English face, and her woman's insight urged her to trust him. She was sorely in need of help, and here probably was just what she wanted.

"I am in great trouble," she said, looking up at the young man appealingly. "My husband is out of his mind. He imagines he is some body else, and he went away from home suddenly, and I have followed him and hope to be able to bring him back without publicity. He is suffering from the effects of overwork, and will soon recover, the doctor says; but he is a well-known man, a London barrister, and it would do him harm in his profession if it got into the papers. He would never be made a judge. He would never be made a judge, you know, and now he has every chance of the next vacancy. That is why we are so anxious to keep this quiet. Oh, if you could only help me to find him!"

"I'm your man," he asserted, bluntly. "And I'm glad you told me, for when you weren't sure of me, I thought it looked fishy. I suppose he's took another?"

"He needed."

"Well, I'm off duty till midnight, and I'll do anything I can."

"Oh, I cannot tell you how grateful I shall be!" poor Gertrude exclaimed. "Would you mind waiting here till I get my luggage through the custom house? And will you send for me at once if he comes or sends a messenger?"

"All right, never fear," was the confident response; and away she went, returning in a very short time with a porter carrying her box and bag.

The young officer met her at the gateway. "You must come on board," he said.

"Oh, no, I can't," she replied, remembering the captain.

"It's the captain's orders," he explained. "I've told him."

"Oh, I hope you did not tell that dreadful man?"

"Not such a dreadful man as he seemed," he answered, slightly baffled. "You don't know the captain. He's all bark but no bite, I tell you."

Just then the captain himself appeared.

"You've been six hours loitering about that quay alone, and in trouble," he roared at her, "and had nothing to do all the time but to come on board and be among friends. It's just your bad temper that stands in your way. How do you expect to get on in the world at this rate? It's childish, that's what it is, and your little face"—waxing angrier—"is as pinched as if you'd been in want. And likely enough that's it," he added, in a milder tone, as if pleased by his own sagacity. "I'll stake my mother's love you've not had a morsel to-day."

Gertrude looked up at him with a wan little smile; something in the tone of his last remark had caused all that was repulsive in his loudness and lanky grimness to disappear, making plain to her a man ashamed of his own kind nature and always at war with it, to hide it. She followed him to the saloon quite contentedly, and he ordered breakfast for her, scolding all the time till at last she said, "It is no use pretending to be cross. I see you have the kindest heart on earth. You can never hide it again from me." His mouth relaxed a little at that, and his kind eyes twinkled. He sat down on the other side of the narrow table, and after an explosion or two at the steward, and at Gertrude's small appetite, lowered his tone, and listened to her troubles like a human being.

She waited comfortably on deck under awning till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She was not of a worrying disposition; her mind was strong and placid naturally, and she was accordingly able to make the most, by resting from all thought of her troubles, of this brief and precious interval of quiet. She had only to wait now; there was nothing to be done, and she recognized that fact and waited calmly, gathering fresh strength the while for her might yet be in store for her. This blessed renewal of strength in exhausting emergencies is the reward of patience. We should bear up better under our troubles if we cultivated a cheerful frame of mind as a matter of habit, and forced ourselves to be serene. Gertrude was almost able to amuse herself as she sat there, watching the porters toiling in the heat, and interested in the groups of well-dressed people who appeared and passed, or loitered looking at the ships.

But at last the messenger arrived, a porteur from the Hotel des Bains at Dinard. Gertrude had not dared to hope that her husband would come himself, and was therefore not disappointed. The porteur said, "Monsieur Sommes" had declared that he had seen more pretty women and pink parasols since he landed in Brittany that morning than it had been his luck to encounter anywhere else in six months, and he meant to stay six weeks. Gertrude sighed. Here again it seemed hard that even disease could make her husband, one of the most fastidiously refined of men, so far forget not only her but himself as to speak in that common way.

Her luggage was given to another porteur, and after taking leave of her kind friends on the steamer, with sincere expressions of gratitude, and the captain's name and address written in a savage hand on a huge piece of paper, as if the size of the writing and the sheet were intended to represent the extent of his anxiety to hear of her welfare, she departed—not, however, without a last blowing-up of the worst she had had, the trouble being that there was no carriage to be had to take her round the corner to the other landing stage, where the steam ferryboats pick up passengers for Dinard.

It was with a light step and a great sense of relief that she followed the porteurs to the quay. The prospect of seeing her husband again made her heart bound. Just to see him again, just to be near him, even if he might not touch him; would be new life to her. And it would not be long now, she thought, looking across the strip of water to Dinard—ten or twenty minutes at the most. She fancied she saw the steamer starting for St. Malo at that moment. The porteur put her things down on the quay and demanded payment. The captain had thoughtfully provided her with some French money, otherwise she would have found her self in a fix; but as it was, she paid the man what he asked on the spot, and he was off at once. The people near her on the quay looked at each other and grinned—she wondered why, but by and by when the steamer arrived she understood. The wretch had left her to get her luggage on board as best she could. The porteur from the Hotel des Bains, who had charge of her husband's luggage, went on board as soon as the little steamer arrived, also leaving her without ceremony to shift for herself. This she could not do without hesitation had it been possible; but her box was an unwieldy one—lifting it was out of the question—and she found when she tried that she could not drag it, either. She looked around for help in her dilemma. The people were all hurrying on their own account, and paid no heed to her; or, if they happened to have arranged their own affairs and had leisure to observe her, it was without sympathy, and she dared not ask for help. It was her first experience of the world in all its hardness and cruelty. The people about her professed in church to be her brothers and sisters and to love her as themselves, and yet her forlorn position at the moment, a well-dressed girl, alone and unprotected, made them suspicious, and her evident need of help caused them to stand aloof.

She began to despair. "What shall

I do?" she exclaimed aloud. A good-natured looking, fat old bourgeois going on board at the moment caught the exclamation, understanding the tone rather than the words, and seeing her fix, suggested "Ces garçons la," and passed on. She looked in the direction he had indicated with a shrug, and saw two lads lounging by with their hands in their pockets. She ran after them and brought them back with her. They carried her box on board in a twinkling, and then returning, placed themselves so that she could not pass them to get on board and demanding a franc apiece for their trouble. There was nothing for it but to pay them. She ought of course to have followed her box on board, but a number of people, late for the steamer, had come hurrying up at the moment, and she had timidly hung back to avoid the crush. She made a frantic dive for her pocket now, but as usual in these days it was not to be found, the way of modern dressmakers being to consult their own convenience in the arrangement of the drapery rather than the comfort of their clients. Nearly a minute was lost in this exasperating search, but at last she succeeded in getting out her purse, and having satisfied the young ruffians, turned to go on board the steamer, only to find, however, that the gangway was up and it was too far from the wharf already for her even to jump the distance. She fairly stamped with rage, and then felt inclined to laugh at her own weakness. For, after all, as an old apple woman at a stall close by informed her, it was only a matter of half an hour, or an hour at most, till the boat returned, and it was no great hardship waiting there on a warm afternoon, with the sapphire sea sparkling at her feet; Dinard, with its green cliffs and white houses rising picturesque from the water's edge, just opposite, and St. Servan on her left—all glowing in the afternoon sunlight. Recovering herself at once, she sat down beside the old apple woman and began to talk. The old woman complimented her on her French, abused the young volunteers who had done her such an ill turn, and then began to talk of her own hard life and the struggle it was since she had lost her own good man to keep body and soul together. It was not so bad at that time of the year, of course, for the heat was comfort in itself, and then it made the appetite less, so that small quantities of food sufficed, and hunger did not gnaw; but in the winter, when it froze, ah!—with an expressive catching of the breath and hugging of herself—it was indeed "la vie des misérables." But mademoiselle must pardon her. What did young ladies know of misery? Doubtless mademoiselle had all that heart could desire. And the old woman looked at her admiringly and without bitterness out of her big brown eyes that had once no doubt been brilliant, and still possessed a certain beauty of their own—the beauty and pathos of patient suffering and dead hope, wasting diseases of the soul which have their grace of expression, even as certain forms of bodily decay have theirs.

"I have a great deal to be thankful for, certainly," Gertrude answered, sadly. "But I have my troubles, too, ma mere," and then she talked of her recent trials till the old woman forgot her own. She was a delightful old woman, with cap and kerchief snowy white in spite of her poverty, a blue serge gown just down to her ankles, and neat, strong shoes with knitted stockings. When they parted Gertrude made her rich with half a sovereign, and happy for life with a handsome gold cross, which the old woman at first refused, but afterward accepted when Gertrude demanded in return for it a daily prayer.

Gertrude began to feel tired as she climbed up the steep stairs from the landing stage at Dinard into the town. Fortunately the Hotel des Bains was close by, and there she found her luggage, the porteur having consulted the interests of the house by ordering it brought up from the steamer when he arrived with what he had been sent for.

Gertrude noticed a noisy party of gentlemen clambering up the coach-and-four, evidently a somewhat ramshackle public conveyance, which was drawn upon the road just beyond the hotel, and after she entered she heard it rattling off.

To be Continued.

Don't Put Out the Light.

In a little town in Northern Pennsylvania there is a fire department in which the citizens take great pride, composed, as it is, wholly of volunteers.

Late in April a fire broke out at midnight. When the department came upon the scene only one lantern could be found. "No smoke was pouring out of the building, but no flames appeared, and it was very dark."

Finally, a tongue of flame shot out of one corner of the structure, and the crowd cheered as the man at the nozzle directed a stream of water toward it. At this crisis, the excited captain shouted:

"Hey, there, Bill! Be careful what you do! Keep the water at that blaze! Don't you see that's the only light we've got to put out the fire by?"—Harper's Weekly.

Grave of the Tichborne Claimant.

While the subject of claimants or titles and the estates that go with them is in the air it is interesting to note that in Paddington Cemetery Willesden lane, lies the body of Arthur Orton, who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne.

On his coffin he was described as such, but his miniature tombstone bears merely one line, and that reads: "No. 1472." Orton, after serving many years' imprisonment, appeared on "the hails," and died in St. James' street, off Edgware road. —London Echo.

Care of Submarine Cables.

Fifty fine vessels are constantly employed in laying and repairing the submarine cables of the world.

Dresden has a public bathing establishment for dogs.

## LATEST NEWS

BY WIRE.

Moonshiners Escape Revenue Men.

Harrisonburg, Va.—After raiding and destroying a moonshine brandy distillery in Page County and allowing the operators to escape, Deputy Collector A. A. Lewis returned here. Since the recent passage of stringent laws governing distilleries, revenue officers declare, there are more illicit distilleries now in Virginia than at any time during the past twenty-five years.

Dr. Shirley Bragg Kills Himself.

Montgomery, Ala.—Dr. Shirley Bragg, State jail inspector and a nephew of General Braxton Bragg, shot and killed himself. It is not known if the shooting was intentional or accidental. He was fifty-five years old.

Killed by Hiccoughs.

Cumberland, Md.—Charles Vanmeter, aged twenty-four, who was recovering from typhoid fever, died in Cresaptown following four days of hiccoughs.

Record Barge Load of Wheat.

Milwaukee.—The steam barge Adam Cornelius left Milwaukee for Buffalo with a cargo of 270,750 bushels of wheat. This is the largest boatload of grain in one shipment to leave Milwaukee in the history of navigation on the great lakes.

Gets W. C. T. U. Convention.

Denver, Col.—The executive council of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union decided to hold next year's convention in Omaha, Neb.

Doctor Dropped Dead.

Spokane, Wash.—Apparently in good health, and in the act of making a medical examination, Dr. Edwin E. Hutchins dropped dead from heart failure beside the operating table in his office. The patient who was on the operating table rushed out and summoned the druggist, but the physician was dead.

Head Cut Off by Wire.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Erick Els was decapitated at the American Steel and Wire Company mills. Els was a wire drawer. While drawing the red-hot wire it broke. The end struck him about the neck and the wire, released from the tension, suddenly coiled about his neck. His neck was burned through in a few seconds by the hot wire, completely severing his head from the body.

Diaz Not to Retire.

Mexico City.—President Diaz was in an open letter regarding his rumored retirement at the close of his present term in 1910 that the reports are unfounded. He intimates that he will again be a candidate.

Champion Cow Punched Killed.

Port Worth, Texas.—H. "Bruce" Norton, of Quanah, Texas, champion "bronco buster" of the world, was found unconscious in the street here, and was taken to the Medical College Hospital, where he died on the operating table. Norton's skull was fractured, and the physicians think he was sandbagged.

Banana Kills Twin Boys.

Lockhart, Miss.—Frank and Fred Clayton, five-year-old twins, sons of Frank Clayton, died of a misadventure apart of plomains poisoning from eating a party of decayed bananas. The children were "playing house" with two little girl neighbors when they found the bananas. The boys drew lots for it and Frank won, but he shared it with the others. The little girls, it appears, did not get any of the decayed portion.

Gold, Tin, Copper in Congo.

Brussels.—Reports received from R. D. Mohun, leader of the American expedition in the Congo, state that he has discovered rich deposits of gold, tin and copper in the Manyema district.

Wants Female Army.

Paris.—Dr. Madeline Pelletier, one of the leaders of the French women's political movement, is heading a petition to Parliament to pass a law enabling women to do military service. It will teach them the necessity for violence, in which alone their victory lies. Gymnastics and marching will do them good.

Bulgaria Compensates Turkey.

Sofia, Bulgaria.—The decision of Bulgaria to disband its reserves and make a financial compensation to Turkey was brought about by the presentation of what was practically an ultimatum to the Parliament by Great Britain, France and Russia, which were supported by Germany and Italy.

Honor General Lee in China.

Amoy, China.—In 1893 a slip of ivory from General Lee's grave was planted in the grounds of the Amoy Club, and recently a bronze tablet was set in an adjacent road by American residents of Amoy. The tablet is inscribed: "This ivory was taken from the grave of General Robert E. Lee and planted by Vice-Consul Carlington in 1898."

Boycott Leaders Greet Fleet.

Shanghai, China.—The Chinese Chamber of Commerce, of Shanghai, has sent a message to Admiral Sperry welcoming the American fleet to China. The chamber led the boycott against American goods three years ago.

Greece May Get Orote.

Canea, Crete.—The four Powers protecting this island have notified the Cretan Government that they are willing to consider the demand for the annexation of the island to Greece.

King Alfonso Unveils Monument.

Saragossa, Spain.—King Alfonso unveiled a monument to the defenders of Saragossa in 1808. He was warmly greeted by the populace.

Jap Admiral Dead.

Tokio, Japan.—Baron Yamamoto, one of Japan's leading admirals in the Russo-Japanese War, died here.

Polish Private Schools Closed.

Warsaw, Poland.—All the private Polish schools have been closed by the government in retaliation for the Russian university students in the streets.

## The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR NOVEMBER 29.

Subject: World's Temperance Sunday, Isaiah 28:1-13—Golden Text, 1 Cor. 9:27—Commit Verse 11—Commentary.

TIME.—725 B. C. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Destruction of the Drunkards of Ephraim, 1-4. By "the crown of pride" is meant the city of Samaria (see R. V. and cf. 1 K. 16:24). It is here compared to a chaplet of flowers on a drunkard's brow (R. V.). This chaplet of flowers, says Isaiah, "shall be trodden under foot" because of their sin and pride. The people of the northern kingdom as a nation are spoken of as "the drunkards of Ephraim." Drunkenness seems to have been so widespread as to have become a national sin (cf. ch. 5:11, 12; Hos. 7:5; Am. 2:6, 8, 12; 4:1; 6:6). The effect of their drink was "drunkenness," which was "overcome" (literally, "smitten down") by it. Let us not forget that it was "the native vines of a wine-growing district" that did this for Ephraim, and not distilled spirits nor adulterated poisons. Their "chaplet of pride" and "fading flower" was so it after all every chaplet of earthly pride and all the "glorious beauty" of this present world (1 Pet. 1:24). The prophet's answer to Israel's confidence in their crown of pride was that Jehovah had "a mighty and strong one." This "mighty and strong one" was the king of Assyria (2 K. 18:10-12). The Assyrians themselves were a "bloody," deceitful and rapacious people (Nab. 3:1), but they were an instrument in Jehovah's hand for fulfilling His word and bringing judgment upon His backsliding people (cf. Ps. 76:10). The coming of the Assyrian is described by a threefold figure: "a tempest of hail," "a destroying storm," "a tempest of mighty waters overflowing." The thought contained in these figures is that of widespread and overwhelming destruction (cf. ch. 8:7, 8). Back of all this work of devastation, destruction and desolation was the wrath of God at sin (2:4-9). This destruction, etc., all came upon them "because they obeyed not the voice of Jehovah, the God" (2 K. 13:11, 12). Jesus uses a similar figure regarding those who hear His words and do them not (Matt. 7:26, 27).

II. Jehovah of Hosts For a Crown of Glory, 5, 6. In the midst of the awful desolation of his own time, when every crown of pride and all his glorious beauty is a fading flower, the prophet looked forward to "that day" (the day of the Lord's Return or manifestation). So in the midst of present sin and judgment for sin we should look forward (for comfort in our hearts and encouragement in our work) to our Lord's coming again (1 Th. 4:13-15; 1 Cor. 15:22, 23). In that "day" the crown of glory will take the place of "the glory" of pride, and "a diadem of beauty" the place of "the fading flower" of his glorious beauty.

III. Erring Through Wine, Out of the Way Through Strong Drink, 7, 8. "These also" (the people of Jerusalem), as well as Ephraim, "have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way." The prevailing sin of drunkenness had reached even God's representatives, "the priest and the prophet" (cf. ch. 58:10-12; Mic. 2:11). The priests were especially inexcusable because of the plain directions of God's word (Lev. 10:9, 10; Ez. 44:21). They were reeling through strong drink, they were swallowed up of wine, they were gone astray through strong drink (see R. V. margin). The result was, they utterly failed in their official acts. They reeled in vision and stumbled in judgment. Wine and strong drink confuse the spiritual perceptions and rob men of judgment. The religious teacher who indulges in these pleasures is culpably and utterly incapacitated for his holy office. The use of wine and strong drink made their social gathering filthy and disgusting.

IV. Now God Teaches Those Who Will Not Hearken to His Word, 9-13. Verses 9 and 10 may be taken as giving us the mocking answer of the people to God's prophet. "We take them the way the people are represented as saying, 'Whom will he teach knowledge, etc.? Does he take us for babies just weaned?' It is precept upon precept, etc." If the prophet himself is the speaker, then Jehovah is represented as "teaching knowledge to babes and not to the self-sufficient" (cf. Matt. 11:25, 26; Mk. 10:15). These are the ones whom He "makes to understand the message" (R. V.). And the method of His teaching is "precept upon precept" (cf. Neh. 9:29, 30; 2 Chr. 36:15; Jer. 11:7). As they had not listened to Jehovah speaking through His prophets He will now speak to them through foreign conquerors (v. 11, R. V.; cf. Deut. 28:47-49). If we will not hear God's loving and patient call to repentance He will speak to us through cruel enemies. God had called them to "rest." They would not hear that call; so He now sent them conflict and destruction. He calls us also to "rest" (Matt. 11:28, 29). We will not hear that call! He will send us destruction (2 Thess. 1:7-9). The whole secret of their trouble (and of every man's trouble to-day) was that they would not listen to God's word.

Brings Relics From Africa.

Dr. George A. Dorsey, a graduate of Denison College, and son of Squire Dorsey, of Granville, Ohio, who set out several months ago to secure archaeological specimens in Africa, has written to his father that he has been successful, having secured more than 1000 specimens during the month of July alone. He spent some time in Egypt, India, Ceylon and Java.

Cremated in His Home.

Stoddard Langley, a well known citizen of Manassas, Va., was burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed his home. Mr. Langley discovered the house to be on fire and aroused all the members of the family in time to leave the building without harm. He, however, returned to the house for some important papers and the building fell in before he could escape. Mr. Langley leaves a wife and several children.

Hungary Builds Railroads.

Hungary next year will spend 163,000,000 crowns on investments, sixty-six and a half being required for the State railways.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

Twenty Reasons For Opposing the Saloon—A Score Multiplied by a Score Might Be Added to the List Without Much Effort.

1. It never builds up manhood, but tears it down.

2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.

3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.

4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.

5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.

6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.

7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.

8. It never protects the ballot box, but defiles it.

9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.

10. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.

11. It never prepares one for heaven, but for hell.

12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue), but increases them.

13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.

14. It never protects our property nor personal safety, but endangers them.

15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.

16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, profligacy, poverty, idleness and crime.

17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station houses, prisons and chain gangs.

18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.

19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but invites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.

20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes and all endearments of life.—Free Methodist.

What He Might Have Done.

A well known preacher riding in a London omnibus was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon the one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger.

"I understand you're temperance?" began the driver.

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing?"

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it, either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in America with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something.' And he says, 'No sir, I'm saving my money to buy Government land at 75 and 60 per acre. I'm going to buy tomorrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine. I says, 'All right. So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres."

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town, and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block. A grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyer's offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible!"

Surely Not, Manitoba!

When the prohibition law of Georgia was signed by the Governor, a great crowd of Georgians gathered to celebrate the event, and when the law was passed that the act was law the whole multitude sang "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow." When the Chinese law prohibiting opium came into force in Canton that vast city put on festive apparel, and the streets were thronged with bands of music through the streets, as though they had been celebrating Waterloo. When people know so well the nature of their enemies, why do they in any country submit to seeing their land occupied and dominated by them? The people of Manitoba, who are by considerable majority opposed to the sale of liquor within their borders, are according to the vaunts of the distillers, going to allow themselves to be danced on by a triumphant foe.—Montreal Witness.

The Saloon Dragon.

The red saloon dragon stalks boldly, arrogantly, defiantly and insolently throughout the land, entrenched behind and protected by, not the law, but legislative enactments. In the guise and garb of the law. All the affirmations that such enactments make the law will never settle the question that way. They will but deepen and intensify the opposition to the iniquitous curse until it shall be swept from the face of the earth, and then the saloon question will be settled, because it will be rightly decided.

Answer This!

Would you like to have a saloon next door to your home? If not, would you not enjoy all you can to have it as far away from your neighbor's house as your own? Do not forget that we are taught in Holy Writ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This idea, carried to its logical conclusion, means entire prohibition.

Temperance Notes.

The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sinners, and sinners ought to be called to repentance—not "co-operated" with.

In every State in the South the saloon has demonstrated that it will rule the people if let alone, and the general desire to abolish the saloon resulted.

One of the prominent liquor